

ON THE PLANET
KASHYYYK, HOMEWORLD OF
THE MIGHTY WOOKIEES...

INCIDENT ON KASHYYYK

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
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TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DISKORE
LETTERS
MARK MCKENZIE-RAV

GLAD I
AM THAT YOU
ARE SUPERVISING
THE MEETING'S
SECURITY,
OBI-WAN.

I'M PROUD TO
DO MY PART FOR THE
REPUBLIC, MASTER
YODA... AS LONG AS
YOU HANDLE THE
POLITICIANS!

BREEET BREEET-BREEET

RUMOURED
IT IS THAT SOME
WOOKIEES ARE
UNHAPPY TO BE
ALLIED WITH THE
REPUBLIC.

BUT TOO
IMPORTANT THIS
CONFERENCE IS
TO ALLOW IT TO BE
DISRUPTED BY THE
SEPARATISTS.

I THINK OUR SECURITY
MEASURES CAN PREVENT ANY
WEAPONS FROM BEING SMUGGLED
INTO THE CONFERENCE, MASTER-

THE ALARM!





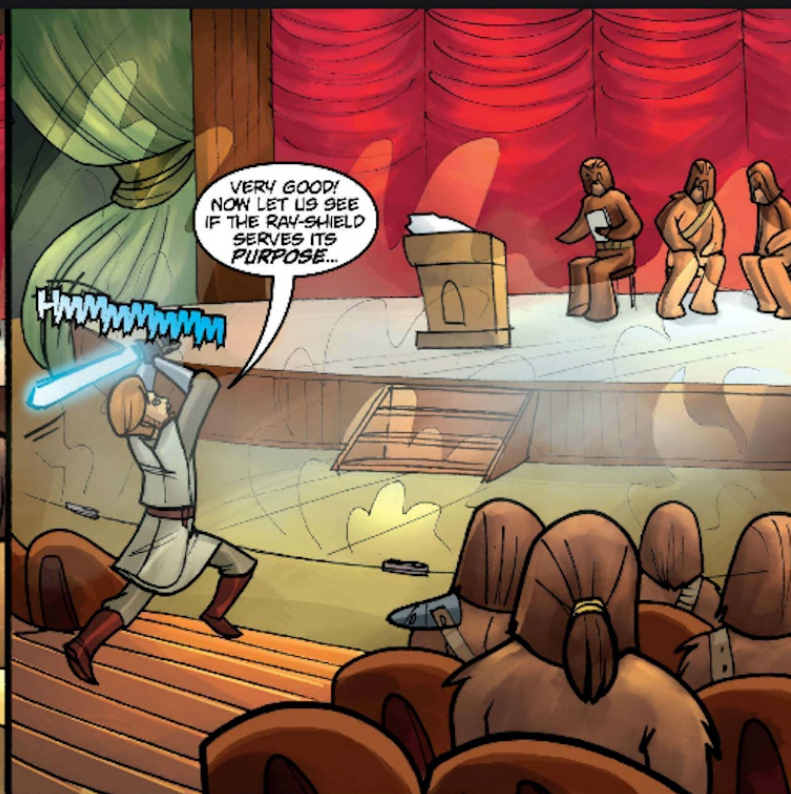


OBI-WAN
KENOBI TO
SECURITY OFFICE.
ACTIVATE THE
RAY-SHIELD--



--REPEAT,
ACTIVATE
RAY-SHIELD!

RRRONNK!



VERY GOOD!
NOW LET US SEE
IF THE RAY-SHIELD
SERVES ITS
PURPOSE...



EXCELLENT!
AND IF THE FIELD WILL
DISPERSE THE ENERGY
BLADE OF A LIGHTSABER,
IT WILL DO THE SAME TO
THE DISCHARGE OF A
BLASTER!



YOU
MAY BEGIN THE
CONFERENCE, YOUR
GRACES. YOUR
SAFETY IS
ASSURED.



WORKING
WELL THE SECURITY
MEASURES ARE,
AND YET...

I FEEL A
DISTURBANCE
IN THE FORCE, TOO,
MASTER...









CUFF HIM...
BEFORE...!



LOST HIS
FAMILY IN THE WAR,
ATTIMUN DID; ENRAGED
HE WAS BY THEIR
LOSS. A GREAT
TRAGEDY.

AND A VALUABLE
LESSON, MASTER --
IT'S NOT ONLY JEDI WHO
CAN BE TEMPTED BY
THE DARK SIDE.

END!

SEEDS

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
LUCA BERTELE

COLORISTS
DIGIKORE
& LUCA BERTELE
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE

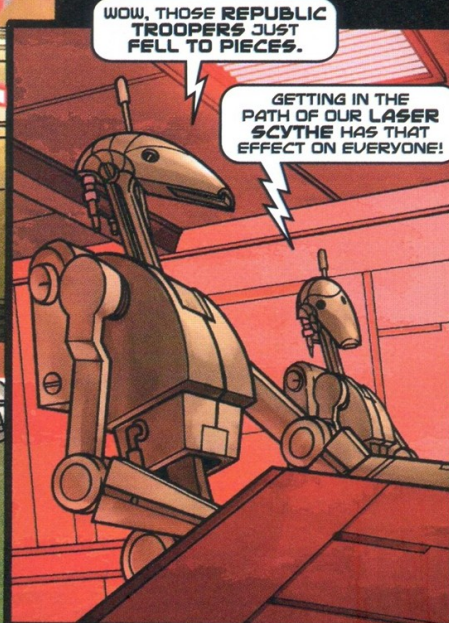




WE'RE
KOFF KOFF
DYING OUT HERE!
WHERE'S OUR
KOFF KOFF AIR
SUPPORT?

IT'S
COMING,
TROOPER.
KOFF KOFF
JUST HANG
IN TH--

ARGH!



WOW, THOSE REPUBLIC
TROOPERS JUST
FELL TO PIECES.

GETTING IN THE
PATH OF OUR LASER
SCYTHE HAS THAT
EFFECT ON EVERYONE!

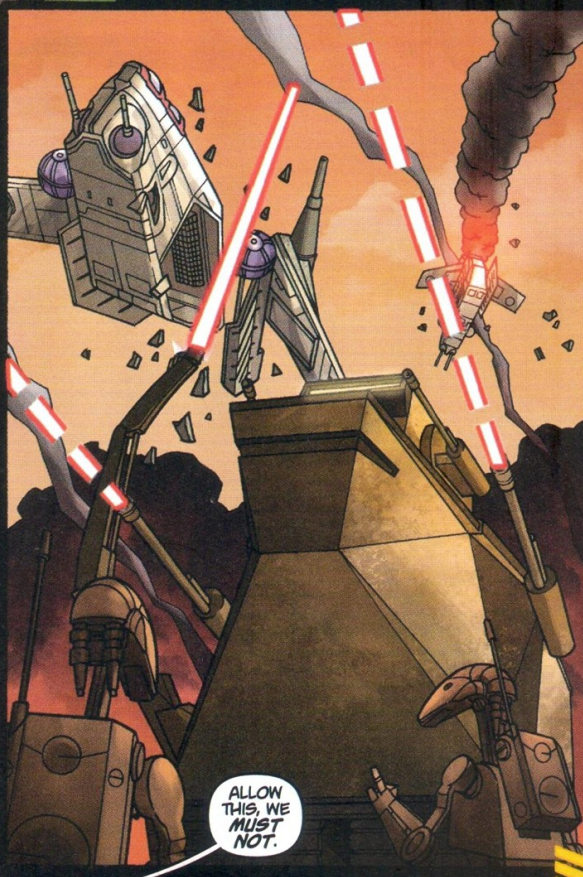


MY MEN
CAN'T KOFF
LAST MUCH
LONGER IN THIS
ENVIRONMENT,
GENERAL
YODA.

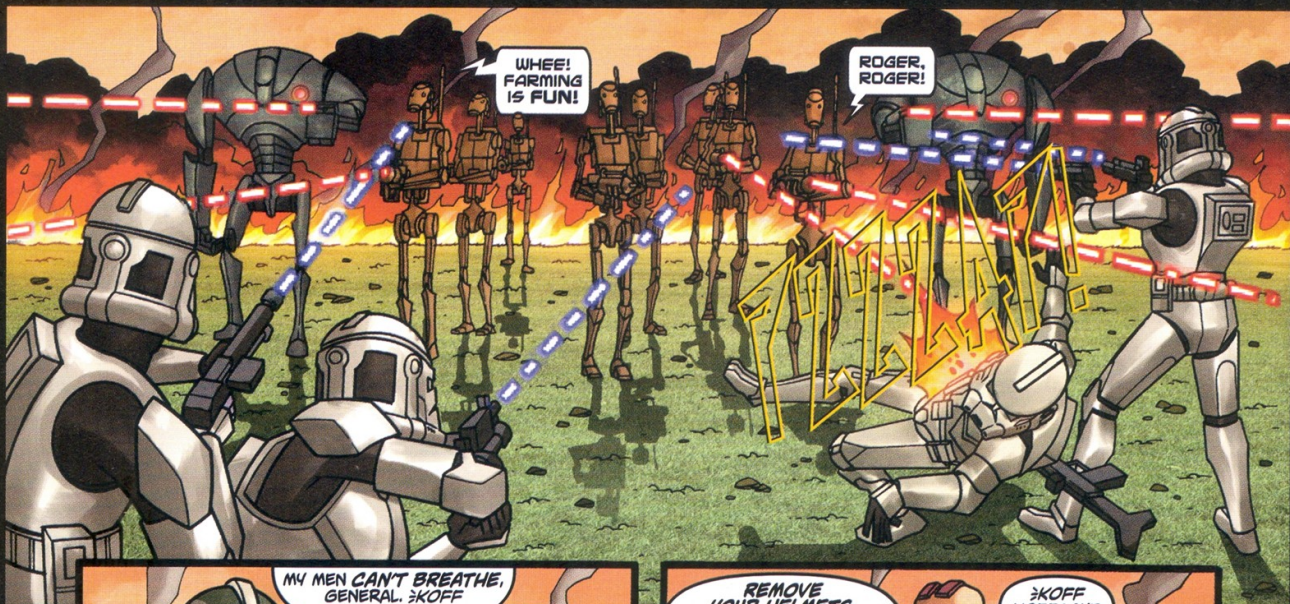
ALL THIS
KOFF POLLEN IS
CLOGGING UP OUR
HELMET FILTERS AND
THOSE HARVESTERS
KEEP BLASTING AWAY
OUR KOFF AIR
SUPPORT!

KOFF
WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO
RETREAT.

PROXIMITY TO
KASHVVK. THIS
FARMING MOON HAS
STRATEGIC VICTORY
WOULD ITS ACQUISITION
BE FOR THE
SEPARATISTS.



ALLOW
THIS, WE
MUST
NOT.



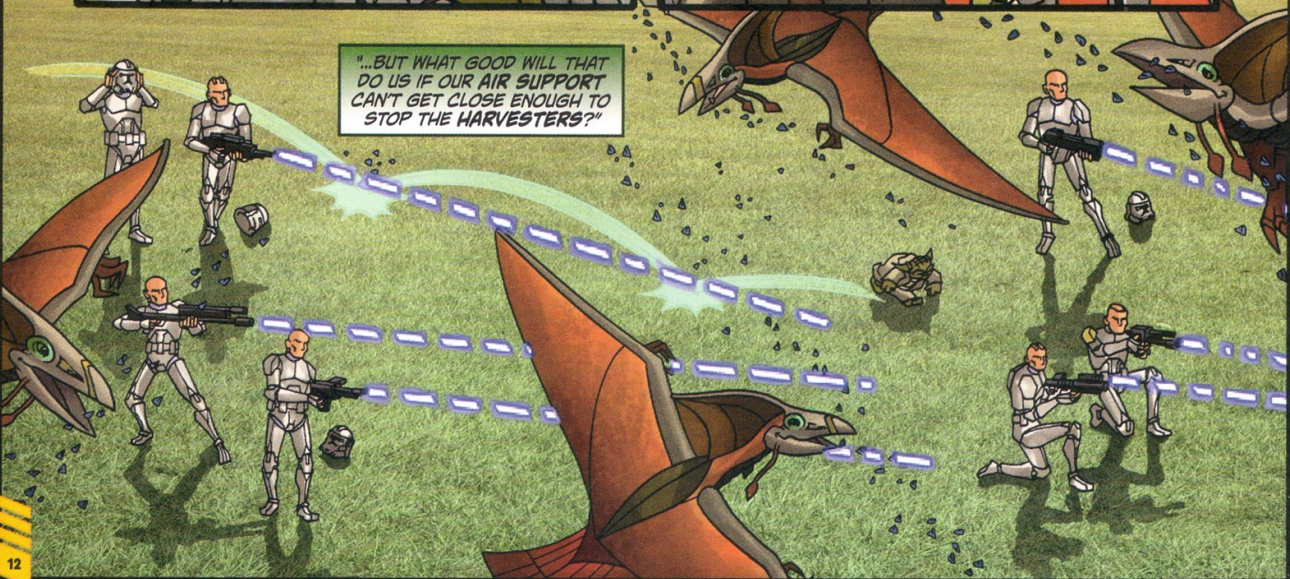
MY MEN CAN'T BREATHE,
GENERAL. *SKOFF*
KOFF KOFF

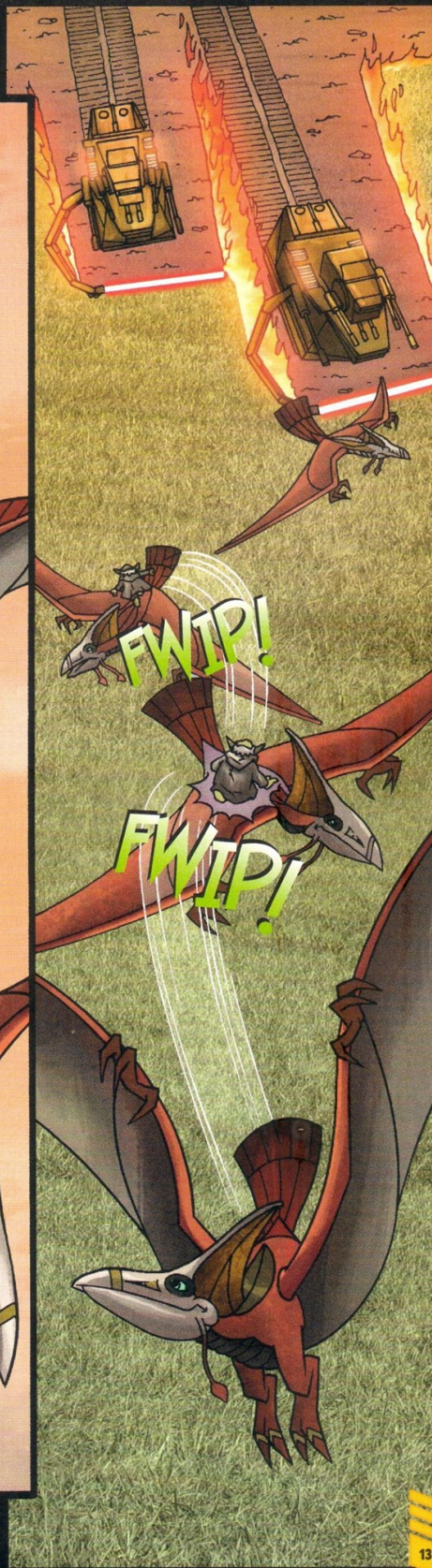
AND WITH
THOSE LASER
SCYTHES *SKOFF*
...THE DROIDS HAVE
US BEATEN.

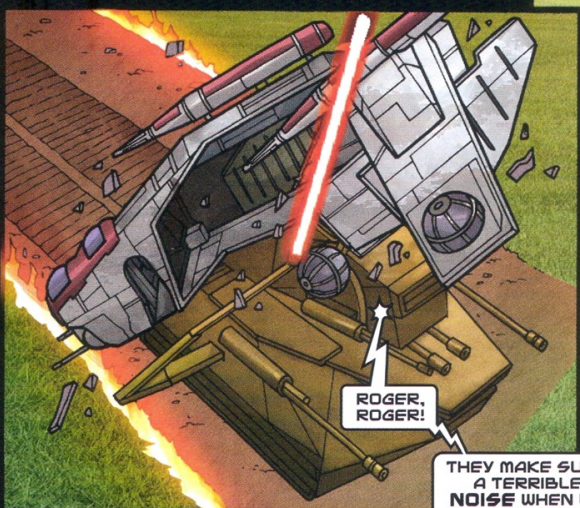
REMOVE
YOUR HELMETS,
YOU SHOULD. CLOGGED
FILTERS MATTER NOTHING
IF WEAR THEM YOU
DO NOT!

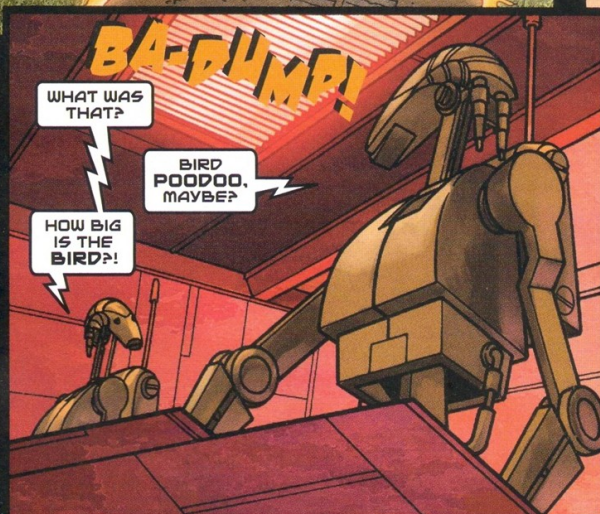
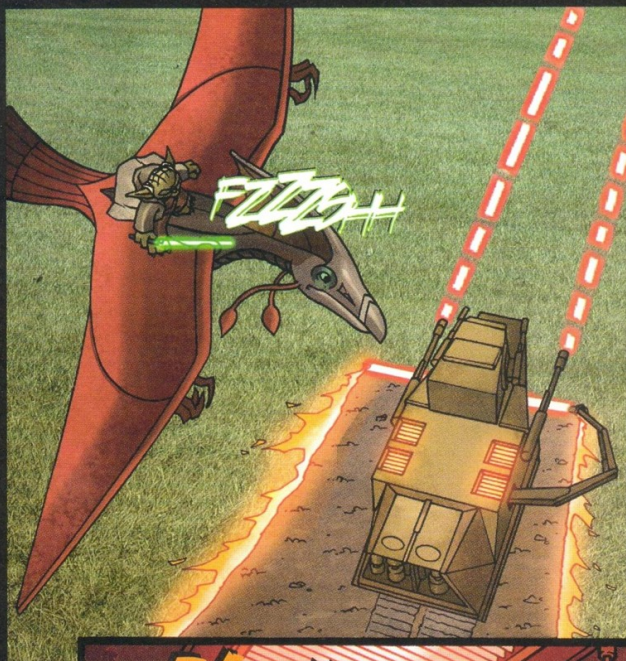
SKOFF
KOFF AVE,
GENERAL...

"...BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT
DO US IF OUR AIR SUPPORT
CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO
STOP THE HARVESTERS?"











LATER...

THANKS TO YOUR EFFORTS, WE'VE MANAGED TO REPEL THE SEPARATISTS, GENERAL.

THEY'RE RETREATING LIKE WOMP RATS IN A MONSOON.

BUT AT WHAT COST...?

LOOK AT THIS PLACE! IT'S RUINED.

MORE SEEDS, THE FARMERS HAVE. GROW ANEW THE FLOWERS SHALL...

...AND AS BEFORE, ALL WILL BE.

END!

THE CORUSCANT HOLO NET

Est. 48 BBY 1 THE GALAXY'S BEST-SELLING NEWSPAPER

**"HARVESTERS" DEVASTATE
MOON OF KASHYYYK**

WAR ON WOOKIEE WORLD?

BY KEETS FREEL, CHIEF REPORTER



HARVESTER HORROR: An EXCLUSIVE shot of two "scythe harvesters" (picture from *The Holo Net's* Reptavi-cam)

KASHYYYK SYSTEM, yesterday
The *Coruscant Holo Net* has
received reports of vicious fighting
on one of Kashyyyk's three moons,
leading to speculation that the
Clone Wars has finally reached
the Mid-Rim homeworld of the
Wookiees.

Terrified observers described
seeing huge droid tanks armed with
laser scythes – dubbed "scythe
harvesters" – destroying the
farming moon's crops and mowing
down Republic clone troopers.

But King Grakchawwaa hit back
at suggestions Kashyyyk's royal

families aren't doing enough to
protect the forest-covered planet's
three moons, stating: "Wrrhwrwwhw
uughghhghh uuh huuguughghg,
raaaaaahhgh uughghhgh
huuguughghg. Aguhwgggghh
uughguughghghghghhghh wrrhw."
Well said, your hairy highness.

- FED UP OF FETCHING THINGS YOURSELF?
- WANT TO IMPRESS YOUR RICH FRIENDS?

**THEN YOU NEED A
BETTY DROID!**
FROM JUST 25,000!

LeisureMech Enterprises, Inc.

"LEISURE BY NAME, LEISURE BY NATURE"



WANTED

**GOOD QUALITY HUMANS
TOP PRICES PAID**

CALL WATTO @ WATTO'S PARTS,
MOS ESPA, TATTOINE



WE
ARE VERY
SORRY FOR YOUR
LOSS, MASTER
KENOBI.

THANK
YOU. **ROONAN
HALSEY** WAS ONE
OF THE MOST
VALIANT OF OUR
ORDER...



...BUT I'M
AFRAID HIS
FUNERAL PYRE
IS JUST ONE
OF MANY.

YES,
YES, VERY
SAD. NOW, IF YOU
WILL JUST SIGN
HERE...

SABOTAGE



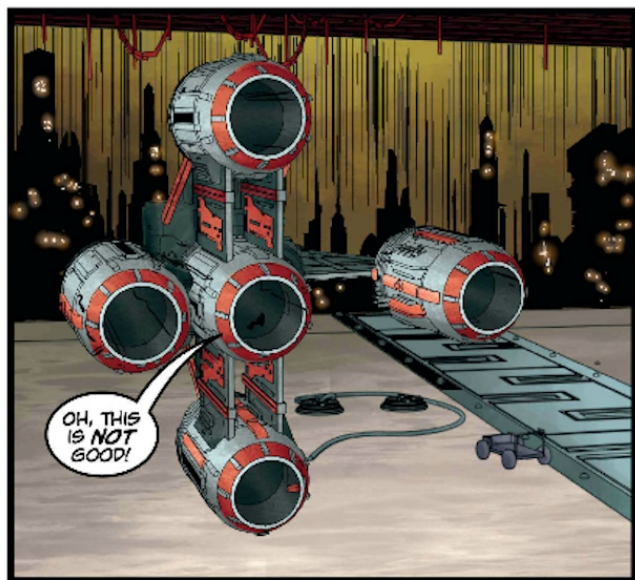
OF COURSE,
EVEN IN THESE
SAD TIMES, THE
PAPERWORK
MUST BE--

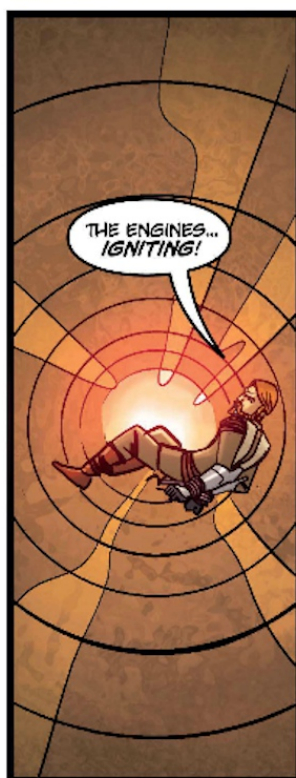
JUST A
MOMENT.
THERE, YOU
MEN...

SNIFE

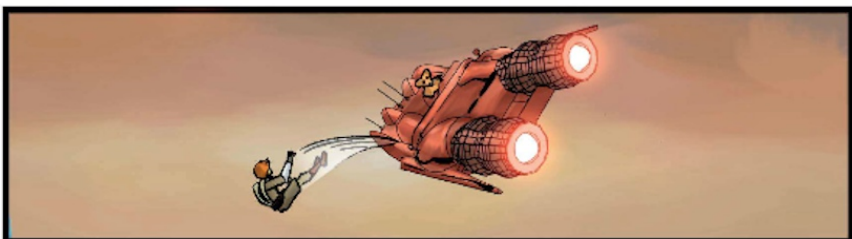
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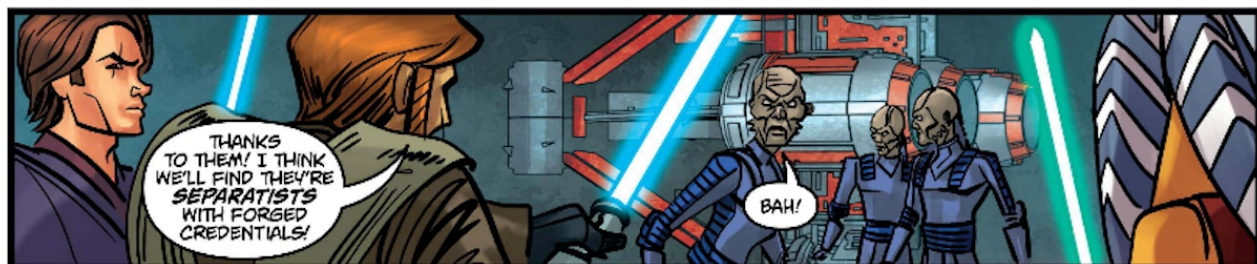


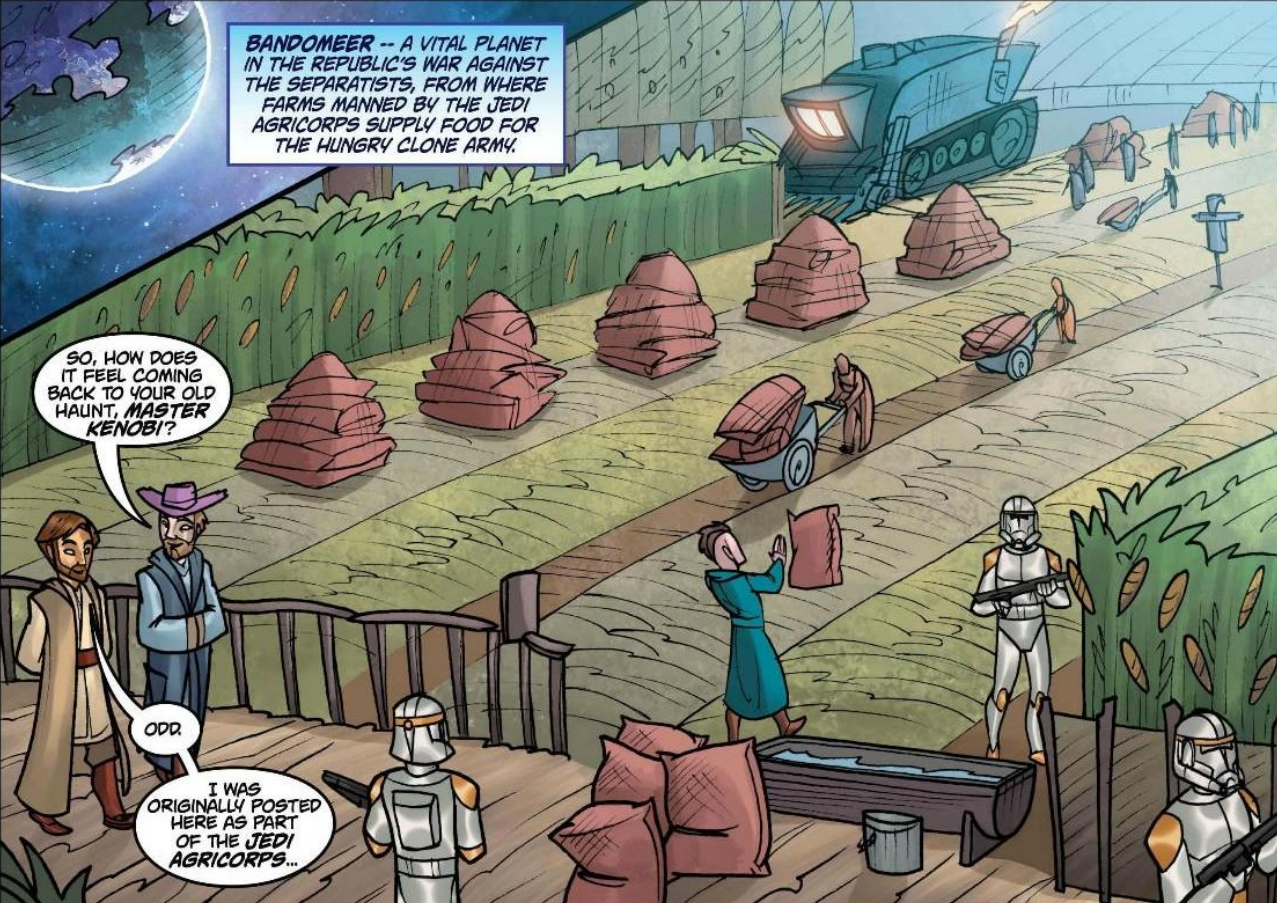













BANDOMEER -- A VITAL PLANET IN THE REPUBLIC'S WAR AGAINST THE SEPARATISTS, FROM WHERE FARMS MANNED BY THE JEDI AGRICORPS SUPPLY FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY CLONE ARMY.

SO, HOW DOES IT FEEL COMING BACK TO YOUR OLD HAUNT, MASTER KENOBI?

ODR

I WAS ORIGINALLY POSTED HERE AS PART OF THE JEDI AGRICORPS...



...UNTIL QUI-GON JINN NOTICED MY POTENTIAL AND ADOPTED ME AS HIS PADAWAN.

WITHOUT HIS INTERVENTION, I'D STILL BE A FARMER HERE TODAY.

YOUR CONTROL OF THE FORCE IS FAR STRONGER THAN THE OTHER JEDI STATIONED HERE. STILL, WE CAN TAP THE FORCE TO MAKE OUR WORK EASIER.

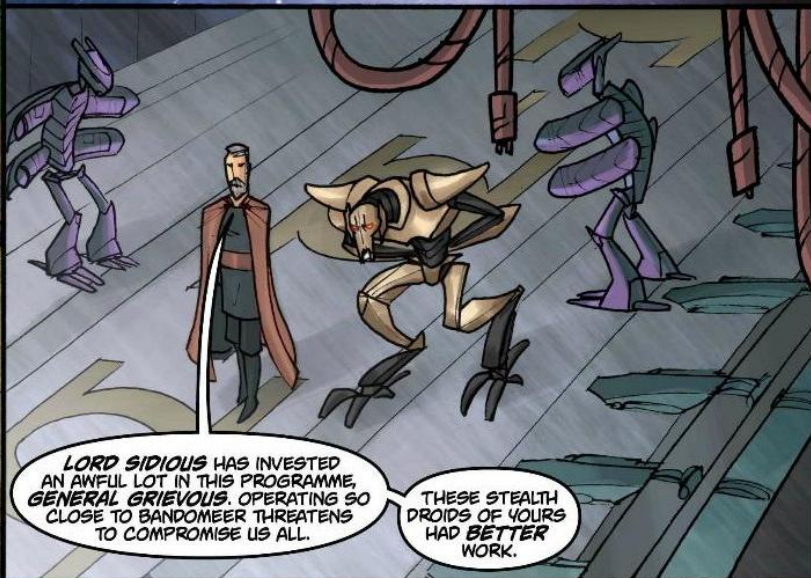
THE PLANET-WIDE FARMS PROVIDE A CRUCIAL SERVICE FOR THE REPUBLIC...



WITHOUT US,
CLONE TROOPERS
ACROSS THE GALAXY
WOULD **STARVE** FROM
LACK OF RATIONS.

QUITE. WE
ALL PLAY OUR
PART IN THE WAR,
COMMANDER -- EVEN
THOSE WHO TILL
THE FIELDS.

CONTESTED SPACE, ONE
PARSEC FROM BANDOMEER...



LORD SIDIOUS HAS INVESTED
AN AWFUL LOT IN THIS PROGRAMME,
GENERAL GRIEVOUS. OPERATING SO
CLOSE TO BANDOMEER THREATENS
TO COMPROMISE US ALL.

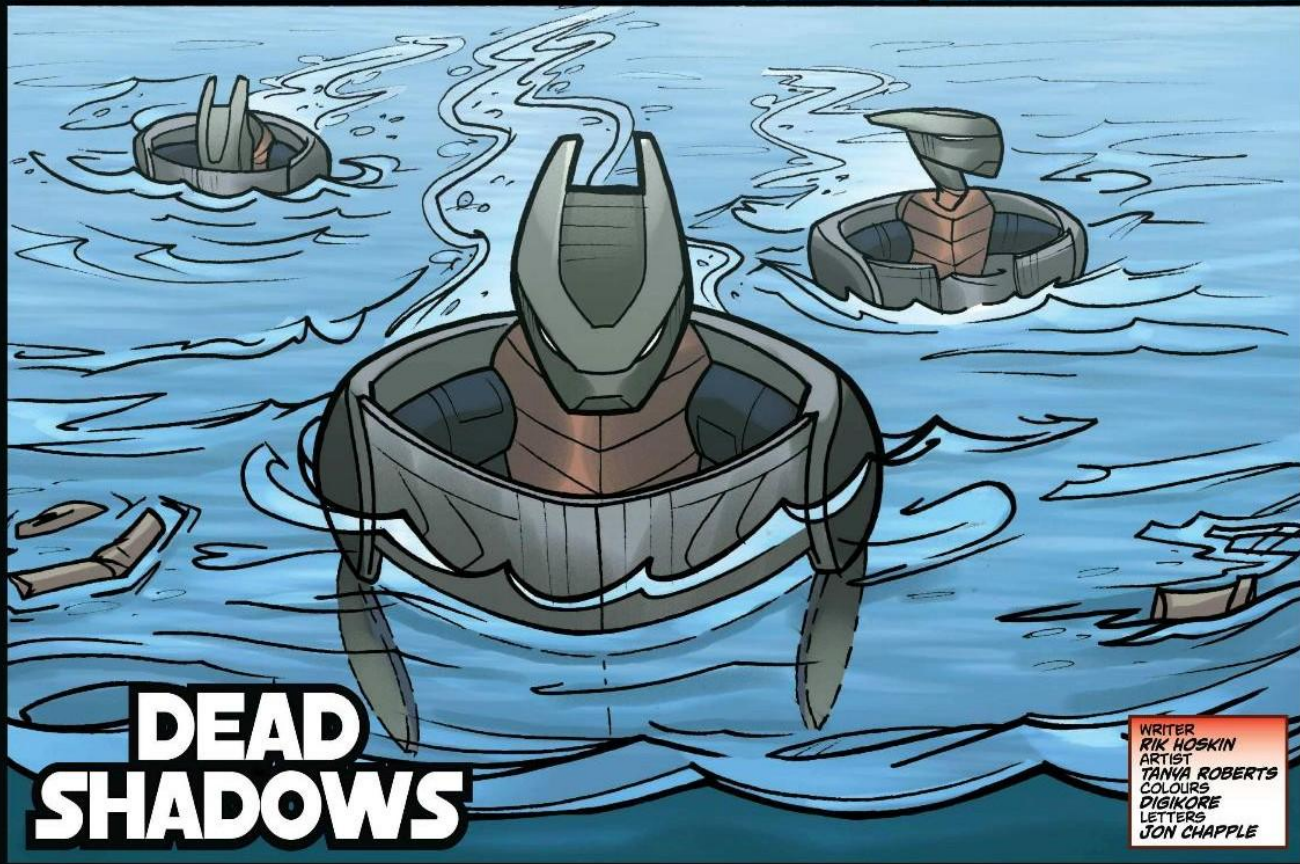
THESE STEALTH
DROIDS OF YOURS
HAD BETTER
WORK.



YOUR APPARENT
LACK OF FAITH IS
A POOR DISGUISE
FOR YOUR JEALOUSY.
COUNT DOKU.
MY DROIDS WILL
PERFORM AS
PROMISED...



...AND BY THIS
TIME TOMORROW, THE
FARMS OF BANDOMEER
WILL BE **BURNED**
TO ASH!



**DEAD
SHADOWS**

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE



STEALTH MODE ACTIVATED.

MEANWHILE...

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT'S TRUE, MASTER KENOBI. WE'RE VERY FORTUNATE HERE ON BANDOMEER. I TENDED THESE CROPS MYSELF.

I'VE BEEN IN SPACE TOO LONG. ONE **FORGETS** THE TASTE OF GENUINELY FRESH FOOD.

THOUGH YOU REALISE, OBI-WAN, THAT IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE THAT **YOU** PLANTED THE VERY SEEDS THEY GREW FROM. AND IF NOT THESE, THEN PERHAPS THEIR PARENTS OR THEIR GRANDPARENTS FROM WHICH THE SEEDS FORMED

IT'S THE **LIFE** -- SOMETHING THIS PLANET HAS IN ABUNDANCE.



COMMANDER/ GENERAL KENOBI! YOU MUST COME QUICKLY -- WE'RE RECEIVING REPORTS OF AN ATTACK AT THE WESTERN PERIMETER!



BLAST! WHY DOES THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN WHENEVER I SIT DOWN TO EAT?!







...ISN'T IT...?



WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FORCE IS GOING ON?

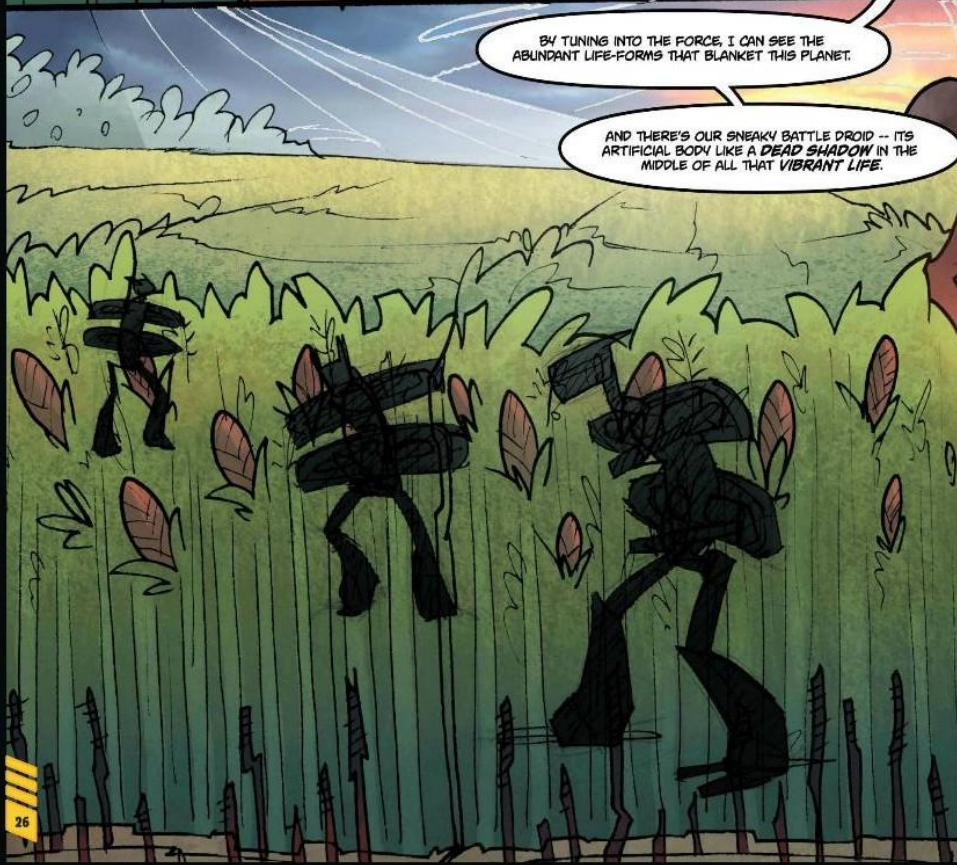
GENERAL, WE'RE GETTING REPORTS FROM ALL OVER THE OTHER FARMS ARE UNDER ATTACK AND SUFFERING HEAVY LOSSES!



THEY BARELY CATCH SIGHT OF THE ENEMY BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS. OUR PEOPLE ARE DYING AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING WE CAN DO, CAPTAIN...

...WE JUST HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.



BY TUNING INTO THE FORCE, I CAN SEE THE ABUNDANT LIFE-FORMS THAT BLANKET THIS PLANET.

AND THERE'S OUR SNEAKY BATTLE DROID -- ITS ARTIFICIAL BODY LIKE A DEAD SHADOW IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT VIBRANT LIFE.





YOUR STEALTH TECHNOLOGY CAN'T HIDE YOU FROM A JEDI KNIGHT!

CAPTAIN, RADIO YOUR MEN. TELL THEM THAT THE JEDI FARMERS WILL SEE THE DROIDS IF THEY TAP INTO THE FORCE. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO! AND TELL THEM TO HURRY!

YES, SIR...



"...I'LL GET THE ORDER OUT RIGHT AWAY!"

STEALTH MODE COMPROMISED.



LATER...

THE ATTACKERS ARE NOTHING BUT **SCRAP METAL** NOW, OBI-WAN. WHAT'S MORE, THE BLOCKADE HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED AROUND THE PLANET TO STOP ANY FURTHER INCURSIONS BY SEPARATIST FORCES.

YOUR PLAN WORKED -- CLONE TROOPERS WILL EAT **HEALTHY RATIONS** FOR AS LONG AS THE WAR CONTINUES!

USING THE FORCE TO SEE BEYOND NORMAL SIGHT WAS A **MASTER-STROKE**.

LIFE IS **ALL AROUND**, COMMANDER. IT'S THE ROLE OF THE FORCE TO ENSURE THAT IT CONTINUES TO **FLOURISH**.

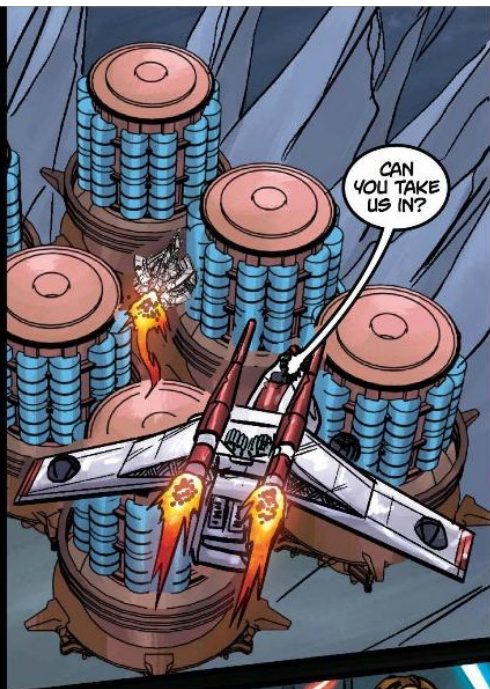
END!

HYPERMATTERS

WRITER
JP RUTTER
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE

EN-ROUTE TO A REPAIR MISSION OF A CRITICALLY DAMAGED HYPERMATTER REFINERY WITHIN REPUBLIC SPACE, JEDI OBI-WAN KENOBI AND MACE WINDU RECEIVE A SUDDEN DISTRESS CALL...





CAN YOU TAKE US IN?



I'LL GET US THERE, SIR



"IT LOOKS LIKE A WARZONE OUT THERE."

"I'D EXPECT NOTHING LESS!"



OUR IMPATIENT FRIEND IS IN A HURRY... I SAY WE PLAY A LITTLE *CATCH-UP!*



DON'T YOU JEDI HAVE MORE *IMPORTANT* THINGS TO DO?



BE SEEING YOU.



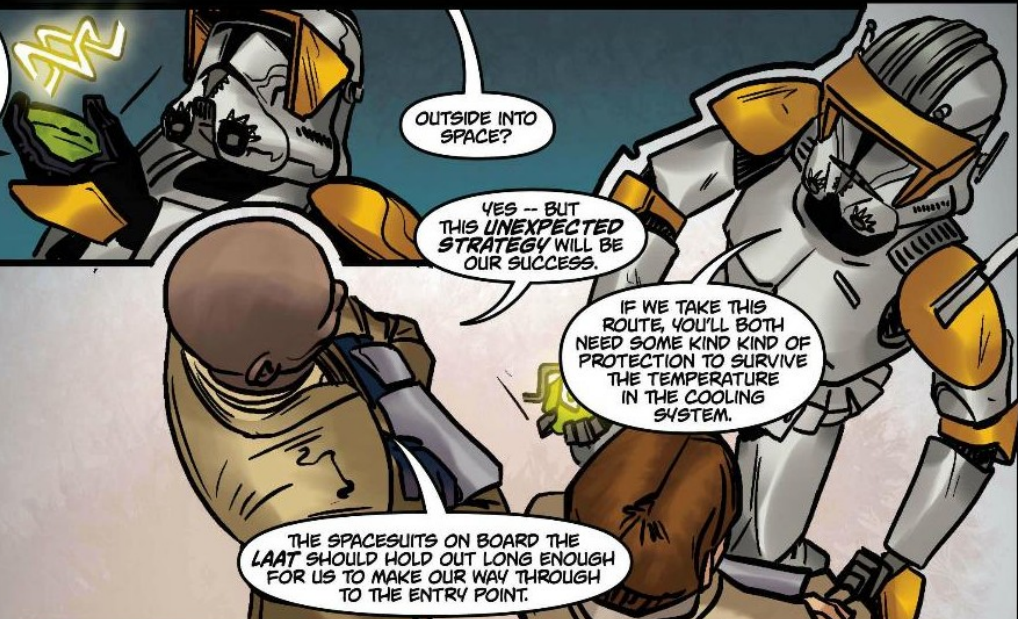
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, MASTER WINDU, BUT DAS STRUCK ME AS A *RATHER RUDE* MAN.

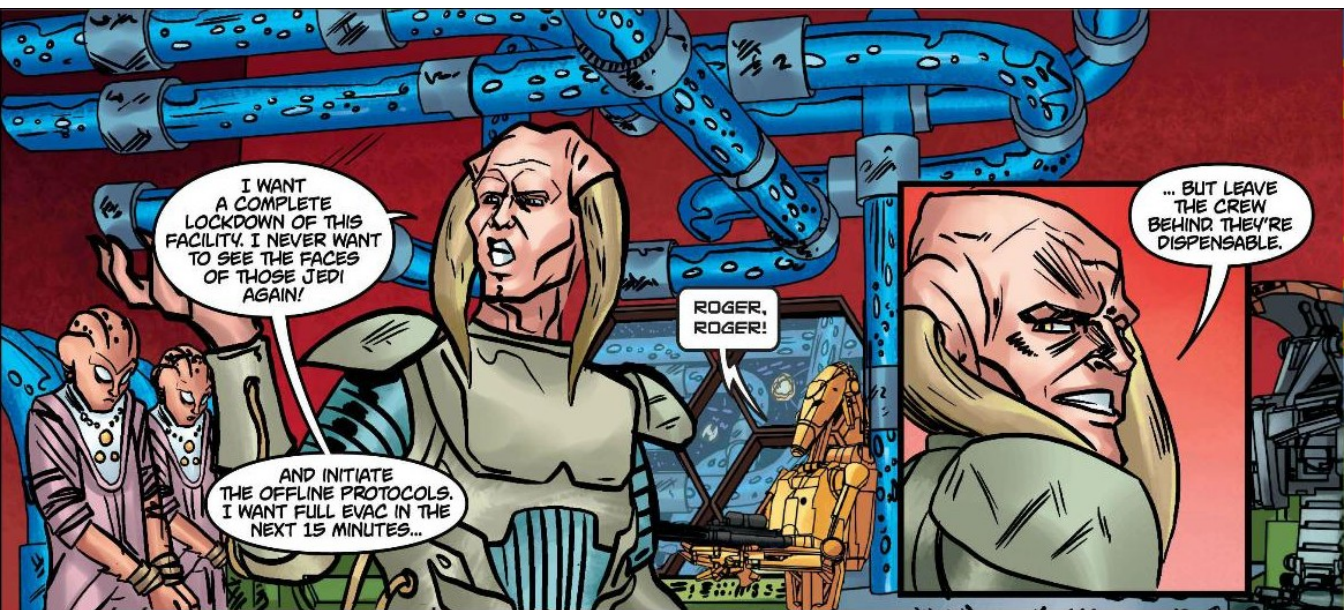
IF HE'S TRYING TO *CRIPPLE* THIS FACILITY, WE SHOULD HEAD BACK TO THE *HANGAR* TO *REASSESS* OUR OPTIONS.

I SUSPECT HE'S HEADING TO THE *CONTROL ROOM*.



THE ONLY IRREGULAR ACCESS POINT I CAN SEE IS THROUGH THE COOLING SYSTEM. YOU CAN GET IN THROUGH ONE OF 100 ENTRYWAYS THAT WILL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE--





I WANT A COMPLETE LOCKDOWN OF THIS FACILITY. I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE FACES OF THOSE JEDI AGAIN!

AND INITIATE THE OFFLINE PROTOCOLS. I WANT FULL EVAC IN THE NEXT 15 MINUTES...

ROGER, ROGER!

... BUT LEAVE THE CREW BEHIND. THEY'RE DISPENSABLE.



SIR, THOSE JEDI YOU MENTIONED...

YES? DON'T WASTE MY TIME!



I'M NOT QUITE SURE HOW TO TELL YOU THIS...

SILENCE YOUR INSOLENT MACHINATIONS!



TAKING THOSE HYPERMATTER COOLANTS OFFLINE IS **SUICIDE!** THE CORE STRUCTURE WON'T WITHSTAND A SUDDEN RISE IN TEMPERATURE!

DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID, LITTLE MAN? I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING!



WHAT WAS THAT?



NOT EXACTLY
MY PREFERRED METHOD
OF TRANSPORT, BUT CERTAINLY
PREFERABLE TO SPACE
TRAVEL...

STEP AWAY
FROM THAT PANEL,
DAS. LET'S NOT MAKE
THIS SITUATION ANY
WORSE THAN IT
ALREADY IS.

WORSE, JEDI? YOUR
MERE APPEARANCE
MEANS I HAVE TO
RAISE MY GAME.



TAKE
HIM!



TOO SLOW, JEDI!
THIS STATION'S **HYPERMATTER**
WILL SOON BE AS HOT AS A STAR'S
CORE -- AND YOU WITH IT!



GET OFF
ME!

UUGH!



SUNNNN!

YOUR DELAY TACTICS
ONLY BRING YOU CLOSER TO
YOUR OWN END, FOOL!







THAT WAS MY INTENTION. PERHAPS WE CAN HOLD A CIVILISED CONVERSATION NOW.

I-- CAN'T-- MOVE....!

PLEASE, JEDI, LET ME GO! THIS REFINERY--

--WON'T BE EXPLODING ANY TIME SOON. THE FACILITY ENGINEERS HAVE BROUGHT EVERYTHING *UNDER CONTROL*.



SIR, THE DROID SHIPS ATTACKING THE FACILITY HAVE BEEN DEFEATED.

THANK YOU, COMMANDER.

IT SEEMS OUR BRIEF SWIM IN THE COOLANT NEARLY CAUSED THE CORE TO OVERHEAT.



BODY HEAT?

YES. TAKING THE CORE OFFLINE CAUSED ITS TEMPERATURE TO SPIKE, BUT NOTHING THAT COULDN'T BE RECTIFIED QUICKLY.

YOUR PLAN FAILED, DAS. AND NOW YOU'LL FACE REPUBLIC JUSTICE.

I'M JUST A COG IN THE MACHINE, JEDI! WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT LINED UP FOR YOU NEXT!

WE LOOK FORWARD TO IT!



END!

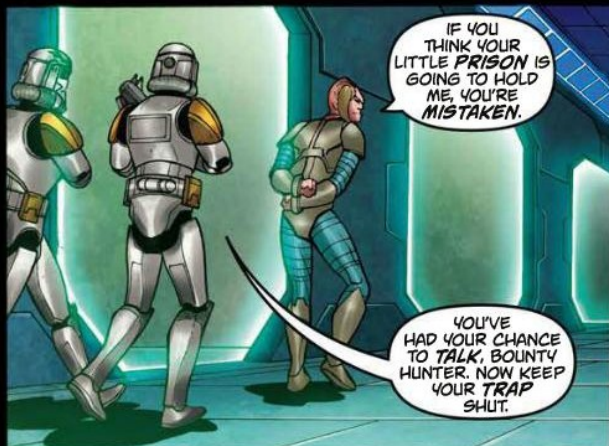
THE REPUBLIC ATTACK CRUISER **TEMPESTUOUS** IS RETURNING TO REPUBLIC SPACE CARRYING UNWELCOME CARGO--SOME OF THE DEADLIEST BOUNTY HUNTERS IN THE GALAXY!

LOCKDOWN

WRITER
JP RUTTER
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

COLORIST
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
**JON CHAPPLE &
MARK MCKENZIE-
RAY**





IF YOU THINK YOUR LITTLE PRISON IS GOING TO HOLD ME, YOU'RE MISTAKEN.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO TALK, BOUNTY HUNTER. NOW KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT.



GET IN THERE!

YOU'RE SUCH A GRACIOUS HOST. I'M SURE WE'LL BE MEETING AGAIN VERY SOON.

AND YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT IF YOU THINK THAT'S EVER GOING TO HAPPEN.



I RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE.

YOU SHOULD. I'M ARLAIN ZEE.



THE BOUNTY HUNTER WHO SWINDLED SLI GENCHU OUT OF THE LODAN JOB? WORD IS HE'S WAITING FOR YOU BACK ON CORUSCANT.

FOOL. IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE TARGET PRACTICE FOR A ROGUE DROID WITH A FLAME-THROWER, YOU'RE MISTAKEN.



I'M ENJOYING THE REPUBLIC'S HOSPITALITY. THEIR R5 UNITS SERVE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL MINCED NERF STEW. IT'S ALMOST PALATABLE.

YOU'RE DEAD THE MOMENT YOU SET FOOT ON CORUSCANT. I'M TEMPTED TO TAKE YOU TO THE GUILD MYSELF.

YOU COULD. OR, IF YOU WANT YOUR FREEDOM, YOU COULD STICK WITH ME...



AND I WOULD BE THE FOOL YOU SAY I AM TO TRUST YOU, ZEE!

KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE!

I SEE YOU'RE THE KIND OF MAN WHO WILL TAKE SOME... CONVINCING.



THE HUNGRY PRISONERS AWAIT THEIR PRISON RATIONS IN EARNEST...

GOOD EVENING, RS-Q3. WHAT'S THE SPECIAL TONIGHT?

BLEEP-BLEEP-VROOP!

YOU ALMOST READ MY MIND...



HRM?



HUH?!



CONVINCED NOW, DAS?

QUICKLY, YOU MECHANICAL SLUG! BEFORE YOU'RE SPOTTED!

WHIRR



TWO FORCE-FIELDS ARE DOWN! WE'D BETTER GET DOWN THERE!

LET'S GO!



NOW!

SLAM!



YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR ARMOR ON IF YOU WANT TO ESCAPE THIS SHIP IN ONE PIECE.

A BOLD SUGGESTION-- BUT WHAT OF THE OTHERS?

RS WILL SEE TO IT. THEY CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.



GENERAL, WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY SITUATION ON LEVEL 67!

THE PRISONER DETENTION LEVEL? CAN'T A JEDI HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE?

CALE AND REED HAVEN'T CHECKED IN, AND THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL UNAUTHORIZED ATTEMPTS TO ACCESS THE HANGAR TRANSPORT SYSTEM.



I NEED THE LOWER LEVELS **LOCKED DOWN** IMMEDIATELY. PUT THOSE TROOPS IN THE HANGAR ON HIGH ALERT. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET ANY OF THOSE BOUNTY HUNTERS ESCAPE.

AVE, SIR.

GATHER YOUR MEN AND MEET ME AT THE EAST ENTRANCE TO THE DETENTION LEVEL.

I'LL TAKE A SECOND TEAM TO THE WEST SIDE. WE'LL CONVERGE IN THE HOLDING AREA.

BACK ON THE DETENTION LEVEL, BOUNTY HUNTERS KESSK, ESU AND M-1991 CONSIDER THEIR OPTIONS...

ZURRK-ACCESS DENIED. ZURRK-ACCESS DENIED.

THEY HAVE MY SHIP. I CAN GET US OUT OF HERE, BUT THE REST ARE ON THEIR OWN.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED MY OWN REPUBLIC SHUTTLE.



YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO OUTFRIN THE JEDI IN THAT THING, ESU.

BETTER GOING DOWN IN FLAMES THAN DYING OF **FOOD POISONING** IN THAT CELL. THE WOMP RAT STEW WAS STOMACH-CHURNING.



THEY'VE GOT THIS ENTIRE LEVEL ON **LOCKDOWN**. IT'S A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE JEDI ARRIVE WITH THEIR REINFORCEMENTS.

SOME PLAN, ZEE. NO WONDER YOU WERE LEFT TO ROT IN THAT CELL.

YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, DAS? WE'LL SLIP AWAY IN THE CROSSFIRE. IT'S THE **PERFECT** ESCAPE PLAN!



EXCEPT... HOW DO I FIT MY HEAD INTO THAT?!











JEDI MASTER MACE WINDU
FINDS HIMSELF OUTNUMBERED
IN THE OUTER RIM...

"WHEN THE JEDI TEMPLE INTERCEPTED THE
DISTRESS CALL FROM THE ABANDONED
PLANETOID, I HAD TO CHECK IT OUT -- JUST
IN CASE SOMEONE REALLY NEEDED OUR HELP.



"BUT THAT BEACON TURNED OUT TO BE A
DUD, INTENDED TO LURE ME INTO A TRAP AND
LEAVING ME OUTNUMBERED A HUNDRED-
TO-ONE WITH NO WAY TO REACH MY SHIP.

THE JEDI KNIGHT WENT THIS WAY!
THE ROGUE SIGNAL MUST HAVE
TRANSMITTED FROM HIS SHIP.

"BUT THE WAY THE DROID
SQUADRON LEADER HAD SPOKEN
SUGGESTED THEY WERE LURED
HERE, TOO. BUT BY WHOM?

"AND WHY?"



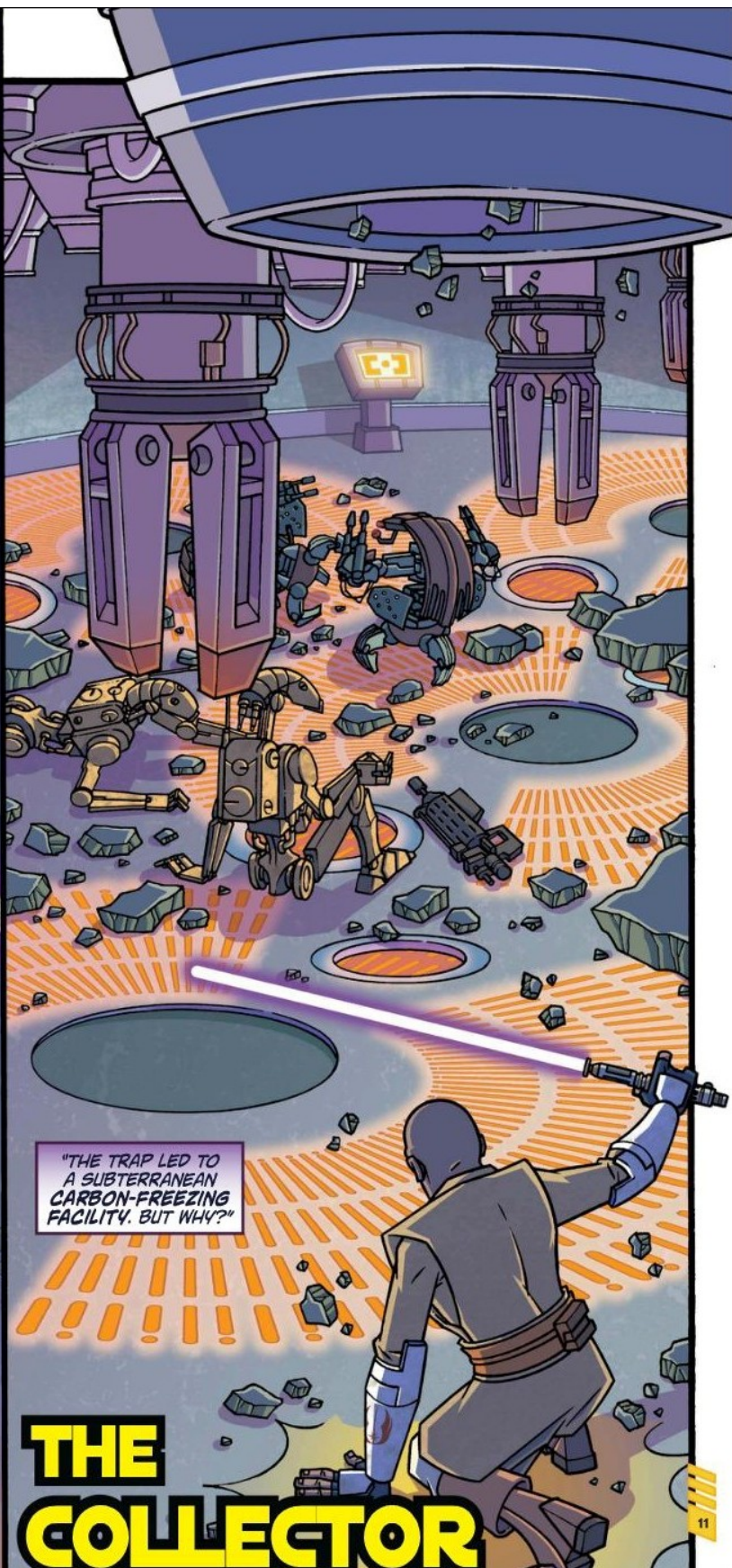
WHAT
THE--

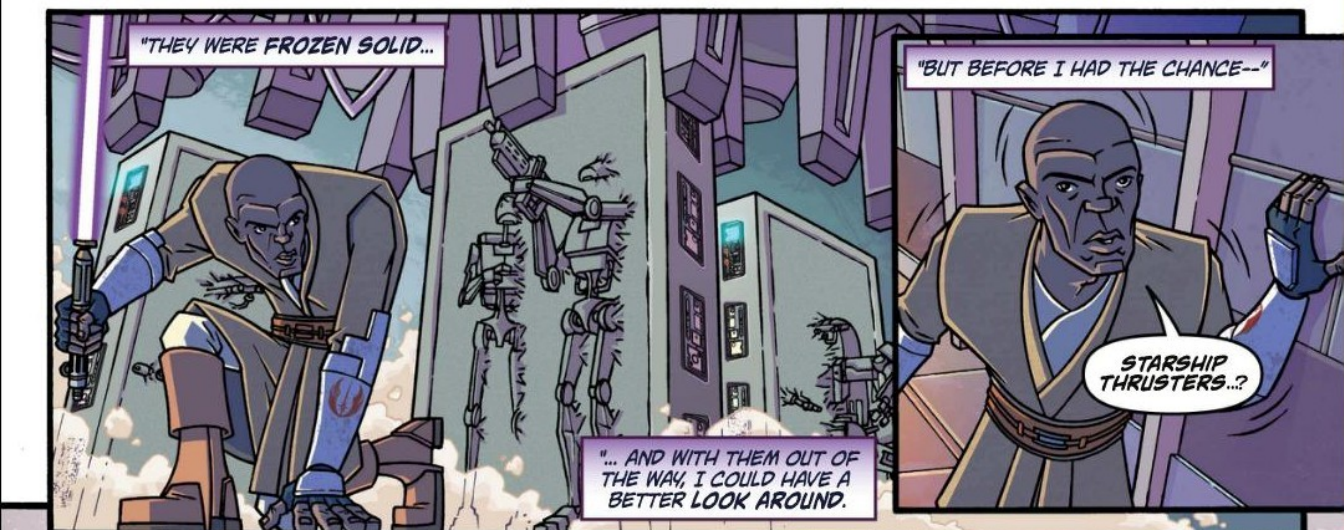
FWOP!



FWOP!

FWOP!







"IT APPEARS I WAS RIGHT... THEY WERE STARSHIP THRUSTERS.

WHY WOULD ANYONE HIDE A STARSHIP UNDER GROUND...?

"INSIDE WERE A WAMPA... A DEWBAC... HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES, CARBON-FROZEN...



TRAPPED LIKE FLIES IN AMBER...

"I RECOGNIZED SOME -- SEPARATIST AGENTS WE'D HAD UNDER SURVEILLANCE 'TIL THEY DROPPED OFF OUR SCOPES TWO MONTHS AGO.



"SOMEONE HAD BEEN CAREFULLY KIDNAPPING AND STORING LIVING CREATURES FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY... BUT WHY?"

SO YOU HEARD MY BEACON!

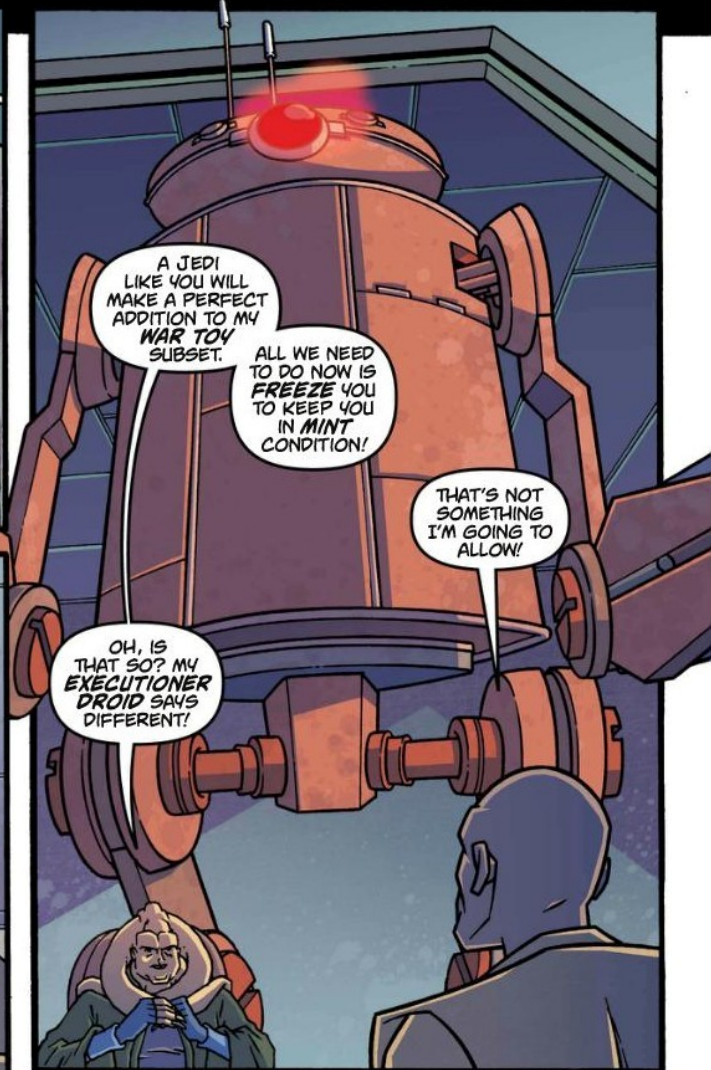


AND YOU ARE A JEDI KNIGHT, ARE YOU NOT?

HOW SIMPLY MARVELOUS... I'VE NEVER OWNED A JEDI KNIGHT BEFORE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN OWNED?! JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

MY NAME IS KENNA AND I'M A COLLECTOR. I GATHER AND CATALOG EXAMPLES OF THE MANY LIVING SPECIES OF THE GALAXY

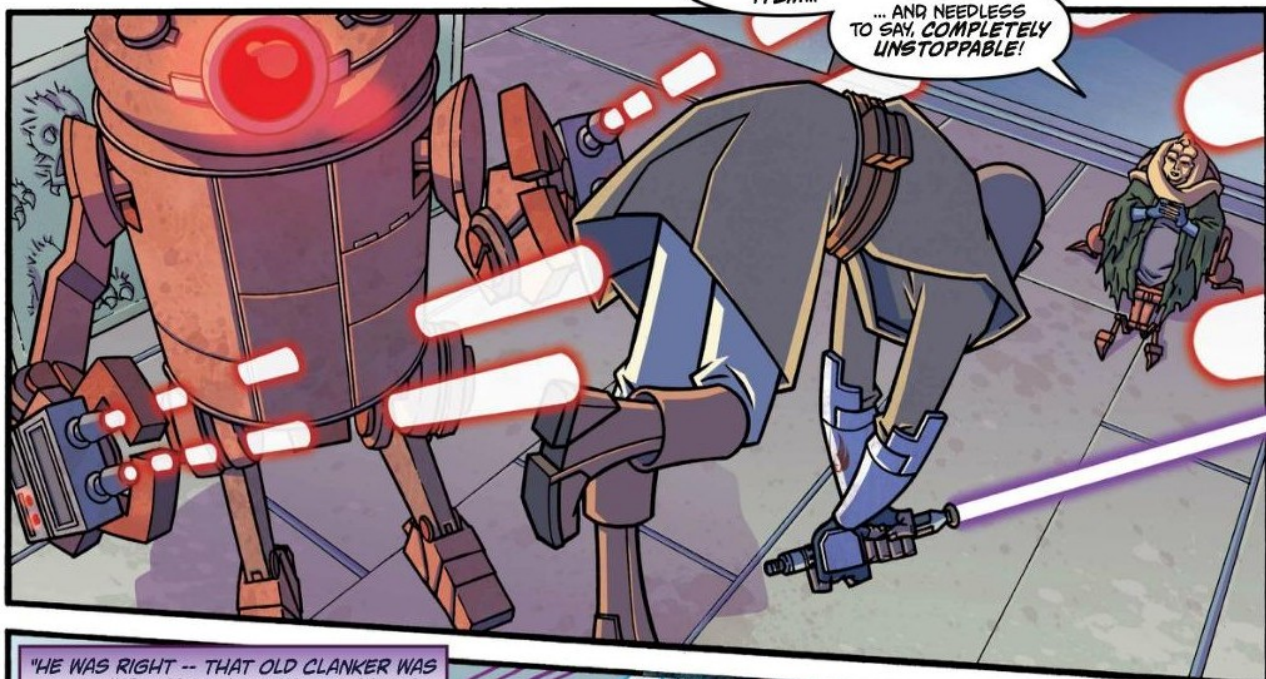


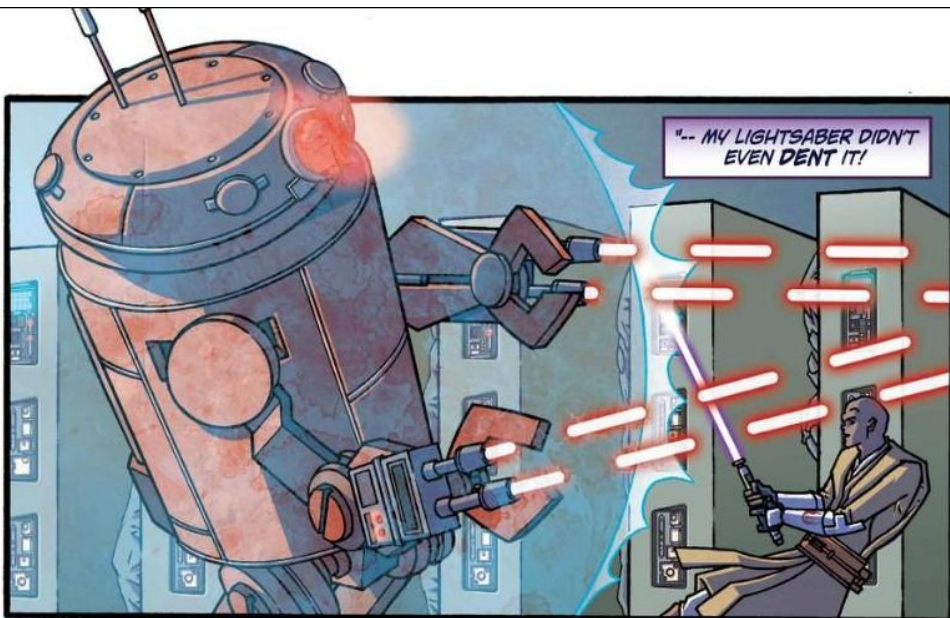
A JEDI LIKE YOU WILL MAKE A PERFECT ADDITION TO MY WAR TOY SUBSET.

ALL WE NEED TO DO NOW IS FREEZE YOU TO KEEP YOU IN MINT CONDITION!

THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I'M GOING TO ALLOW!

OH, IS THAT SO? MY EXECUTIONER DROID SAYS DIFFERENT!







"WITH THE SITUATION IN HAND,
IT WAS TIME TO RETURN HOME..."

ROGUE SHIP, THIS
IS THE **CORUSCANT PORT**
AUTHORITY. YOU HAVE
ENTERED RESTRICTED AIR-
SPACE. PLEASE IDENTIFY
YOURSELF.

THIS IS
MASTER MACE
WINDU REQUESTING
PERMISSION
TO LAND.

...AND
HERE
I AM.

MANY
SEPARATIST
ACTIVISTS AMONG
THE FROZEN PEOPLES
THIS COLLECTOR
HAD.

FISHING
TRIP YOU
PLANNED NOT, BUT
ADMIRABLE CATCH
YOU MANAGED,
MASTER WINDU.

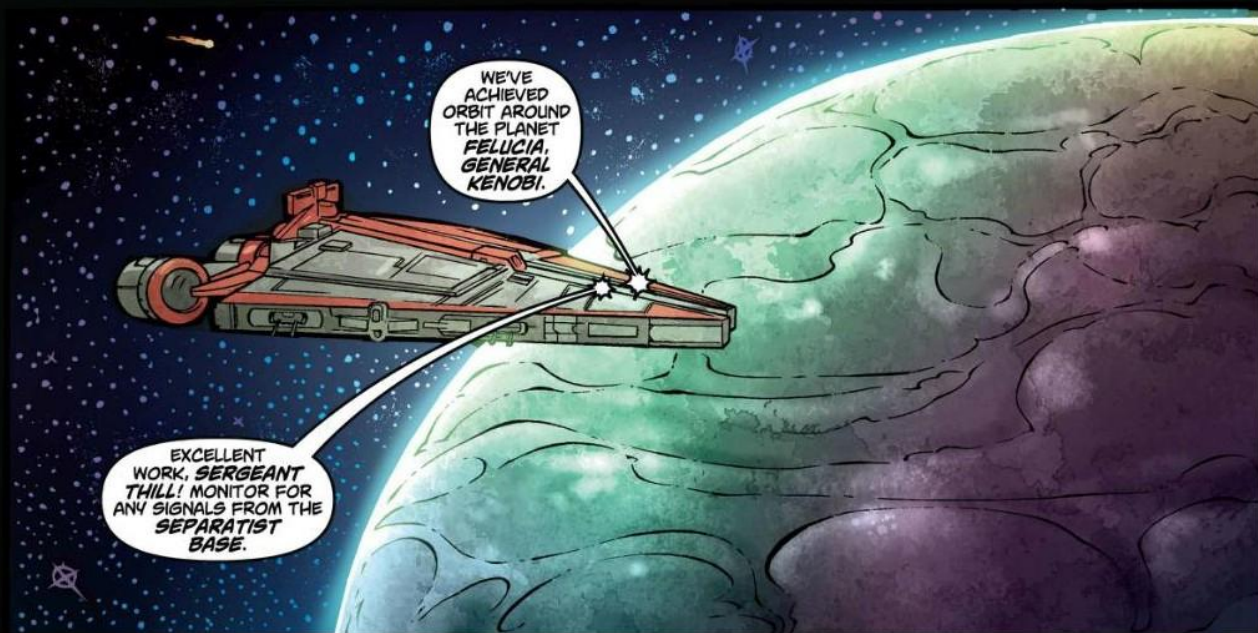
YES, MASTER YODA -- THERE
WERE EVEN SOME OF OUR
OWN PEOPLE IN HIS
SHIP-BOARD STORE.

AND WHAT OF
THE COLLECTOR
HIMSELF?

FOR NOW, I
SAY WE LEAVE
HIM IN FROZEN
HIBERNATION WHERE
HE CAN'T DO
ANY FURTHER
HARM...

... LET HIM
COLLECT
DUST FOR
A WHILE!

END!



WE'VE
ACHIEVED
ORBIT AROUND
THE PLANET
FELUCIA,
GENERAL
KENOBI.

EXCELLENT
WORK, **SERGEANT**
THILL! MONITOR FOR
ANY SIGNALS FROM THE
SEPARATIST
BASE.

DOWNHILL

WRITER **MIKE W. BARR** ✎ ARTIST **ANDRES PONCE** ✎ COLORIST **DIGIKORE** ✎ LETTERER **JON CHAPPLE**



PICKING UP A TRANSMISSION NOW,
SIR! THE SEPARATISTS HAVE
DETECTED OUR PRESENCE
AND ARE **LOCKING**
WEAPONS!

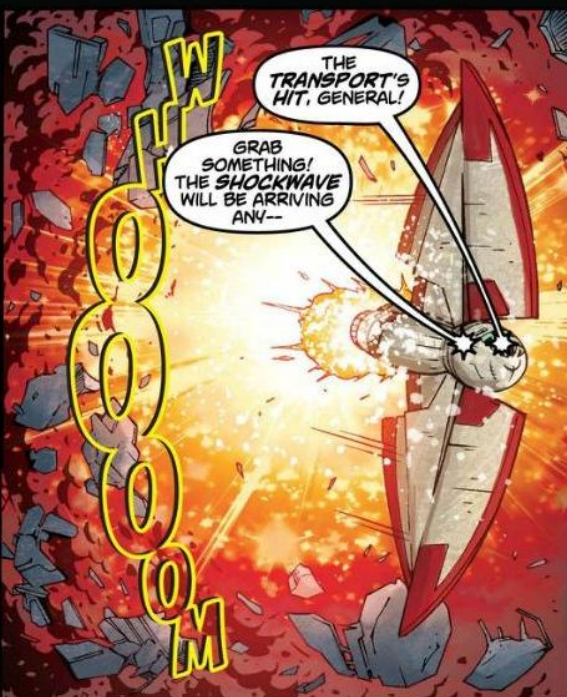
PERFECT,
SERGEANT! JUST
WHAT WE WANT!

WAIT, DID I
MISS SOMETHING
HERE? WE **WANT**
THEM TO **TARGET** US?



THAT'S WHAT
YOU GET FOR MISSING
BRIEFINGS,
ANAKIN!

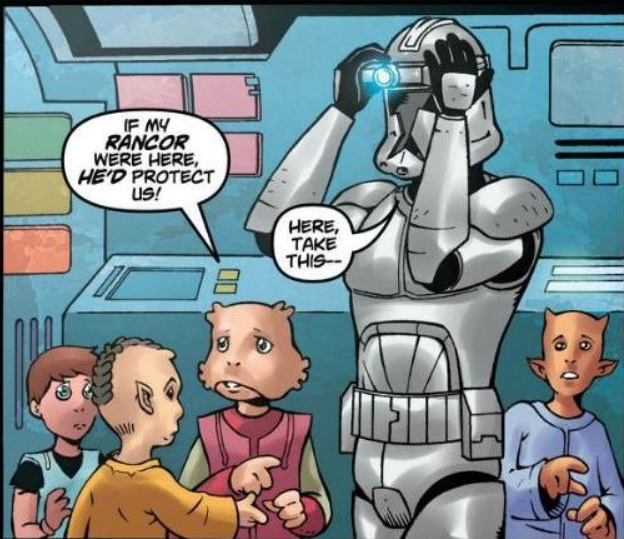
PUT THE
SHIP ON **AUTOPILOT,**
SERGEANT, AND
LET'S GO!













WE CAN'T
LET THEM TAKE OUR
ENGINES OUT!

COVER ME,
SERGEANT,
WHILE I--

I
RESPECTFULLY
DISOBEY,
SIR...



... THIS
IS THE JOB
I WAS BRED
FOR!

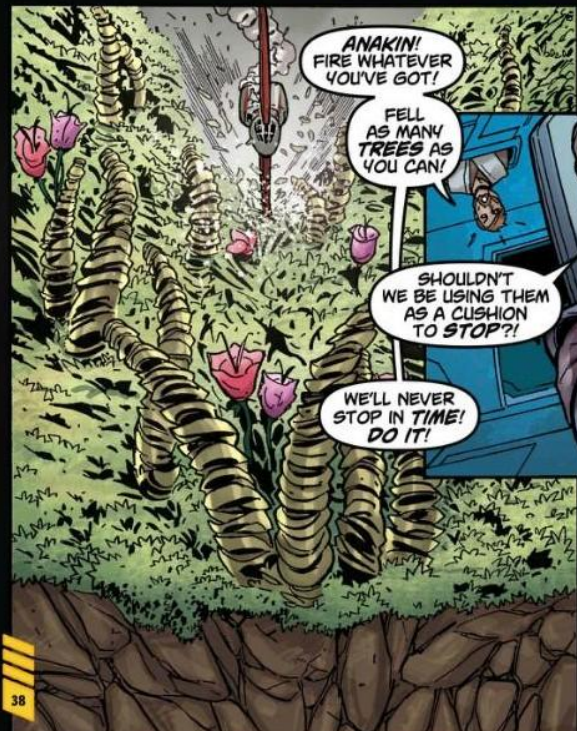
SPWEE

SPWEE



THANK
YOU, SERGEANT,
WE'LL NEVER--

OH,
NO--!



ANAKIN!
FIRE WHATEVER
YOU'VE GOT!

FELL
AS MANY
TREES AS
YOU CAN!

SHOULDN'T
WE BE USING THEM
AS A CUSHION
TO STOP?!

WE'LL NEVER
STOP IN TIME!
DO IT!





IN DEEP SPACE, IN
THE HOLD OF THE
STARSHIP TALON'S WING...

THE JEDI
CODE DEMANDS I
GIVE YOU GANGSTERS
ONE LAST
CHANCE!

ARE YOU
GOING TO COME
QUIETLY?

"COME
QUIETLY"?
YOU'VE GOT
GUTS, JEDI... I'LL
GIVE YOU
THAT--

BUT
NOBODY
SURVIVES AN
ATTEMPT TO
TAKE OUT THE
BLACK TALON
GANG!

WE DON'T
HAVE TO TAKE
YOUR WHOLE GANG,
SHORRAN DAK...
WE ONLY HAVE
TO GET YOU!

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

MASK OF IRON

COLOURIST
DIGIKORE
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE

A FINE
EPITAPH,
JEDI!

FINISH
THEM,
BOYS!

CRZZZZT

CRZZZZT



NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, BOYS!

AND WITH ONLY TWO OF US AND LOTS OF YOU...

SMASH!



...THE ODDS ARE ON OUR SIDE! RIGHT, MASTER?

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, ANAKIN!

AIEEE!



OOOF!

GAHH!



AH... THANK YOU FOR RESTORING THE LIGHTS, ANAKIN!

MY PLEASURE, MASTER.

...ER... THAT'S NOT ALL THERE IS TO OUR PLAN, IS IT?



"NOT AT ALL..."

"...NOW WE EJECT THE GANGSTERS IN AN ESCAPE POD TO KEEP THEM OUT OF OUR HAIR. COMMANDER CODY WILL BE WAITING TO PICK THEM UP."

"AND OUR MISSION IS OVER?"



NOT YET. DAK AND HIS GANG WERE MEETING A ROGUE SCIENTIST WHO'D CONTACTED THEM ABOUT SOME NEW WEAPONRY...

THIS SUIT IS QUITE FLATTERING, DON'T YOU THINK?

I SUPPOSE. BUT--



...AND SINCE DAK KEEPS A VERY **LOW PROFILE**, THE SCIENTIST WON'T REALISE WE'RE TAKING THE PLACE OF THE **BLACK TALON GANG**!

AND I GET TO BE SHORRAN DAK, THE **LEADER**?



NO, YOU'RE MY **BODYGUARD**! I'M THE **LEADER**!

AGAIN?!

I WAS THE **BODYGUARD** LAST TIME!



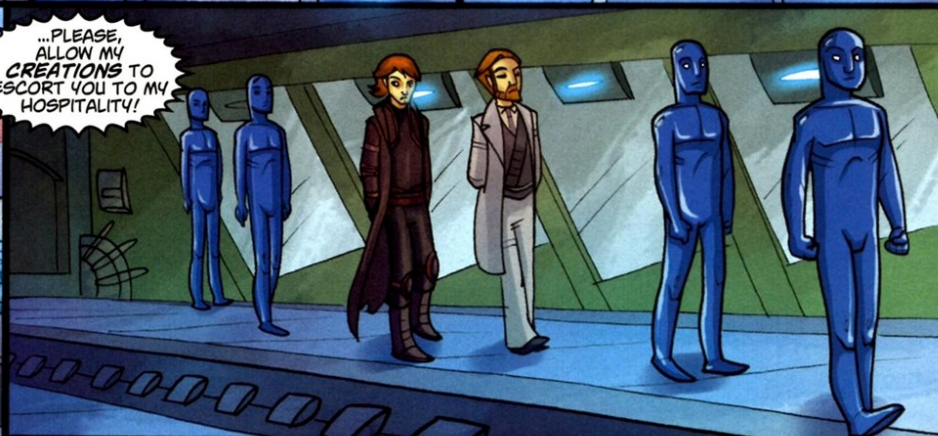
YOU MOST CERTAINLY WERE **NOT**! NOW **PAY ATTENTION**--WE'RE COMING UP TO THE SCIENTIST'S **ASTEROID BASE**...

...AND BY ALL MEANS, **STAY IN CHARACTER**!



WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE **HOME**, SHORRAN DAK...!

...PLEASE, ALLOW MY **CREATIONS** TO ESCORT YOU TO MY **HOSPITALITY**!



I'M GETTING A **STRANGE** FEELING FROM THESE **DROIDS**, MASTER!

AS AM I. BUT I CAN'T--

AFTER ALL OUR **CORRESPONDENCE**, IT'S AN **HONOUR** TO FINALLY **MEET** YOU, SHORRAN DAK...

...THOUGH YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I REMAIN **PROTECTED** UNTIL WE HAVE EACH OTHER'S **TRUST**!





I AM
YOUR HOST,
DOCTOR
BLAYNE...
YOUR
HOST AND,
I TRUST, SOON
TO BE YOUR
PARTNER!

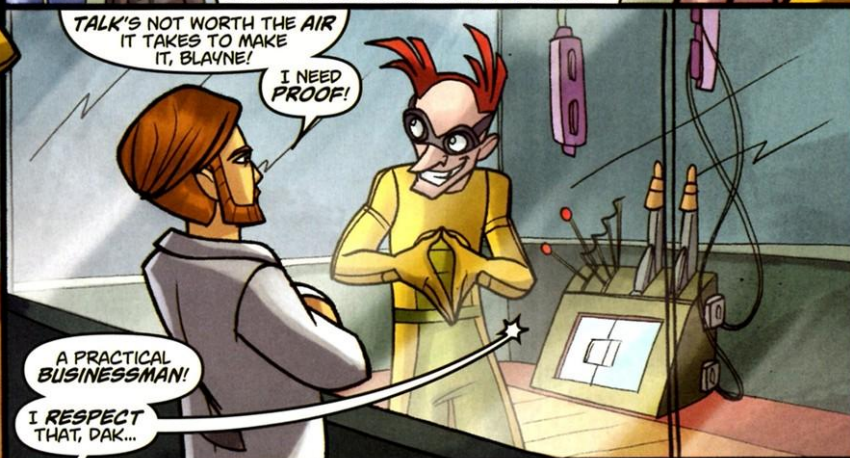


DON'T PUT THE CART
BEFORE THE BANTHA,
BLAYNE!

WHAT
IS IT YOU
THINK YOU
HAVE TO
SELL?

MY DROIDS!

SUPERIOR IN WEAPONRY
AND RESPONSE TIME TO ANY
EXISTING MODELS--AND FAR MORE
EASILY AND ECONOMICALLY REPLACEABLE!



TALK'S NOT WORTH THE AIR
IT TAKES TO MAKE
IT, BLAYNE!

I NEED
PROOF!

A PRACTICAL
BUSINESSMAN!

I RESPECT
THAT, DAK...



--DROIDS,
DISPOSE OF
MR. DAK'S BODY-
GUARD!

...AND TO
PROVIDE
YOUR
PROOF--

UH...
WHAT?!



MAST--
MR. DAK?

YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT,
BLAYNE--NOW CALL
THEM OFF!

GOOD
HELP IS
SO HARD
TO FIND!

MY DROIDS
WILL BE EVEN
BETTER, DAK...
AND I'LL GIVE
YOU A DIS-
COUNT!



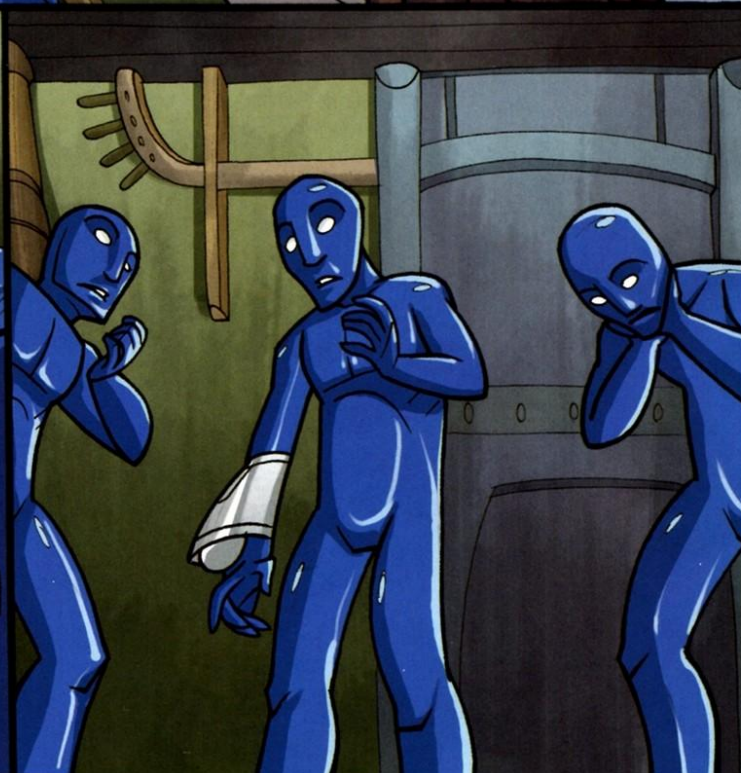
I'M AFRAID
NOT...

HE MAY NOT
BE MUCH YET,
BUT HE'S GOT
POTENTIAL!

JEDI,
ARE YOU?

MY SUSPICIONS WERE
WARRANTED, THEN!

I THOUGHT
YOU MIGHT BE
MERELY REPUBLIC
AUTHORITIES...









I THINK *NOT*,
BLAYNE!

IF YOU SO
VALUE THIS
"LIQUID METAL"
OF YOURS...



...YOU MAY WEAR IT--WITH
COMPLIMENTS OF
THE FORCE!

≡HRRK!≡

NO! IT CAN'T...



...CAN'T...

...
HOW
MAY I
SERVE YOU,
MASTER?



YOU REMAIN
IMMOBILE
UNTIL TOLD
OTHERWISE,
BLAYNE.

≡UNNNH≡
...MASTER...

AH,
ANAKIN!
NONE THE
WORSE FOR
YOUR BRIEF
FORCE
TRANCE?



NO, MASTER. I SENSED YOUR *INTENT*
CLEARLY. I ASSUME THE LIQUID METAL
LEFT ME WHEN IT COULD BARELY
READ MY VITAL SIGNS?

YES--
ANOTHER
USE FOR FORCE
TRANCE, IN ADDITION
TO CONSERVING AIR
AND VITAL FUNC-
TIONS!

AND BLAYNE
WAS, OF COURSE,
UNAWARE THERE IS
NO *SUCH THING*
AS "FORCE DEATH-
BLOW"!



ARE
YOU *SURE*
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT?

BEING TRAPPED
IN THAT METAL SUIT WAS
THE *WORST* EXPERIENCE
I COULD IMAGINE,
MASTER...

...I HOPE
I NEVER HAVE
TO GO THROUGH
ANYTHING LIKE
THAT EVER
AGAIN.

END!

PARADISE LOST

WRITER CHRISTOPHER COOPER  ARTIST & COLORIST LUCA BERTELE  LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON

WAR RAGES AMIDST THE ANCIENT TEMPLES OF THE PLANET PHOROSE, AS REPUBLIC TROOPS -- LED BY JEDI MASTER PLO KLOON -- BATTLE TO REPEL A SEPARATIST INVASION.

PPHHOOOMMM!

ABOARD A SPEEDING GUNSHIP, PADAWANS AHSOKA TANO AND BARRISS OFFEE PREPARE TO ENTER THE DEADLY CONFLICT...

WATCH OUT!
JEDIFFFFZZT....!

SCHNINK!

DID SOMEONE
RESET THESE BATTLE
DROIDS TO MANIAC
MODE?!

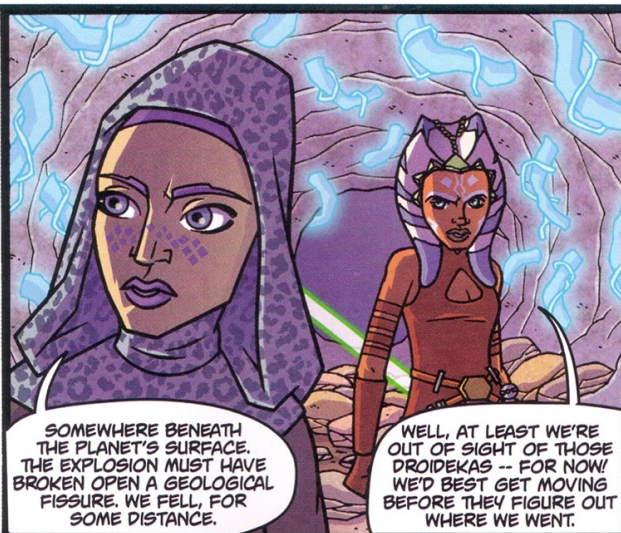
THEY DO SEEM
RATHER DETERMINED
WE MUST FALL BACK
AND FIND COVER.





AHSOKA...?
ARE YOU HURT?

UNTIL
THE UNIVERSE
STOPS SPINNING, I
REALLY COULDN'T SAY!
WHERE ARE
WE?



SOMEWHERE BENEATH
THE PLANET'S SURFACE.
THE EXPLOSION MUST HAVE
BROKEN OPEN A GEOLOGICAL
FISSURE. WE FELL, FOR
SOME DISTANCE.

WELL, AT LEAST WE'RE
OUT OF SIGHT OF THOSE
DROIDEKAS -- FOR NOW!
WE'D BEST GET MOVING
BEFORE THEY FIGURE OUT
WHERE WE WENT.



THE TWO PADAWANS
SEARCH FOR A ROUTE
BACK TO THE SURFACE...

THESE TUNNELS
DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY
NATURAL ROCK FORMATION
I'VE EVER SEEN.
MORE LIKE...

...LIKE BURROWS!
SOMETHING'S ALIVE
DOWN HERE.



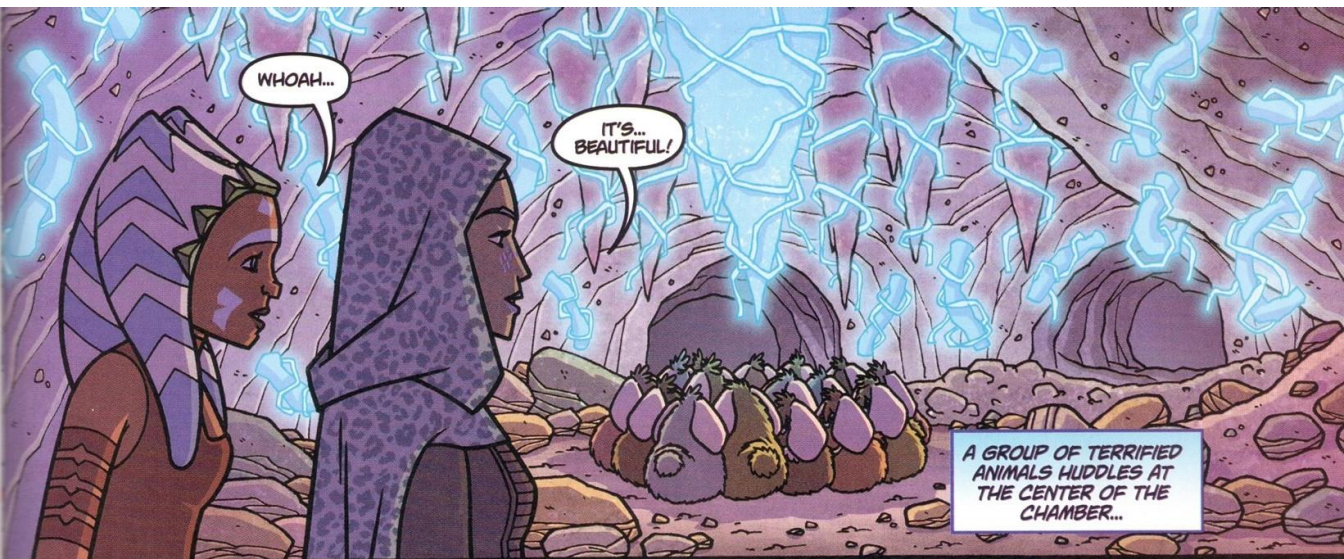
WHATEVER IT
IS, LET'S HOPE IT
LIKES JEDI MORE THAN
THE SEPARATISTS
DO.



SOON...

I SENSE
SOMETHING,
NOT FAR AHEAD...
CAN YOU FEEL
IT?

KINDA.
A STILLNESS IN THE
FORCE, LIKE THE JEDI
TEMPLE ON
CORUSCANT...!



WHOAH...

IT'S...
BEAUTIFUL!

A GROUP OF TERRIFIED
ANIMALS HUDDLES AT
THE CENTER OF THE
CHAMBER...



HEY, LITTLE
GUYS. DON'T BE
SCARED WE WON'T
HURT YOU.

WHAT
ARE THEY?

I BELIEVE THEY ARE RU, AN
INDIGENOUS SPECIES USUALLY
TO BE FOUND SCAVENGING FOR
SCRAPS AROUND PHOROSIAN
MARKETPLACES.

THE LOCALS
SPEAK OF THEM
AS VERMIN.

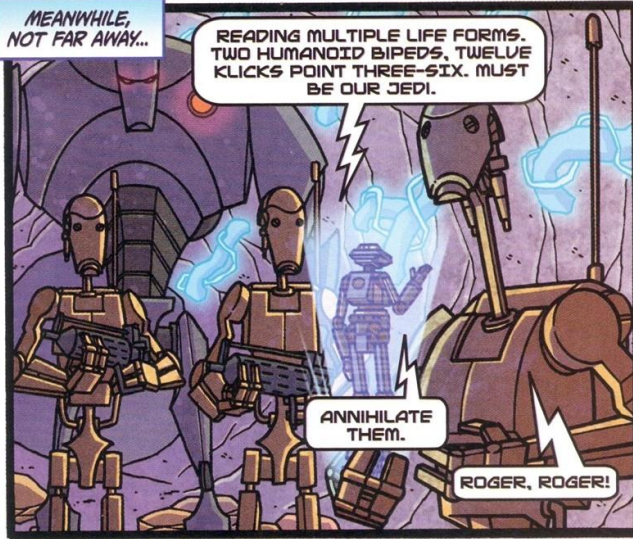


WHICH WOULD APPEAR
TO BE FAR FROM THE TRUTH.
VERMIN DO NOT WORSHIP IN
TEMPLES OF THEIR OWN
MAKING.

BREE



SOUNDS LIKE
THOSE DROIDS ARE
FINALLY ON OUR TAIL. WE
HAVE TO GO. WE'RE NOT
SAFE HERE, AND NEITHER
ARE THE RU.

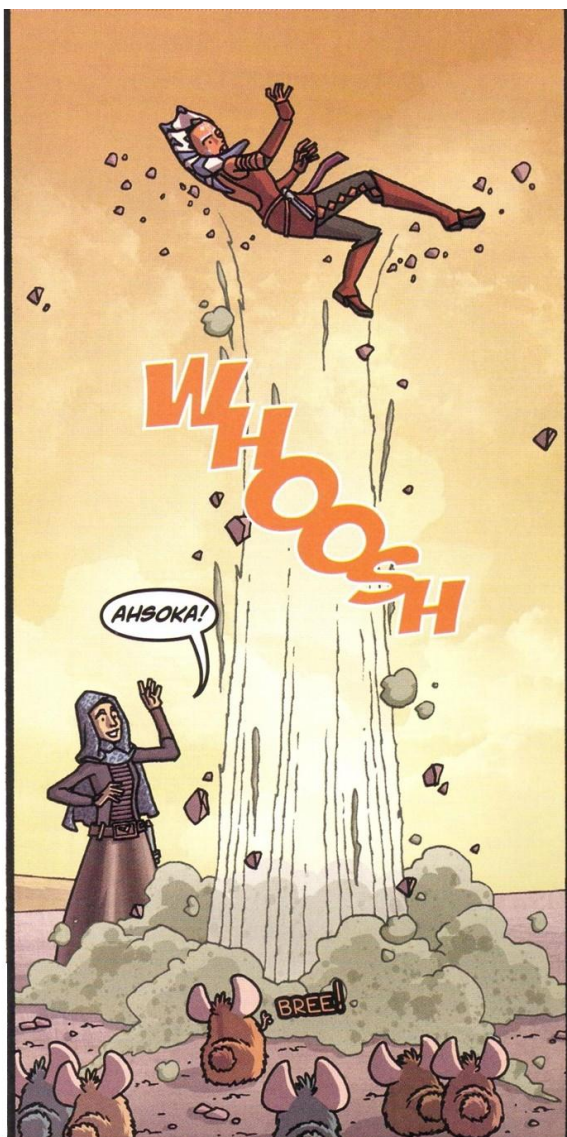


MEANWHILE,
NOT FAR AWAY...

READING MULTIPLE LIFE FORMS.
TWO HUMANOID BIPEDS. TWELVE
CLICKS POINT THREE-SIX. MUST
BE OUR JEDI.

ANNIHILATE
THEM.

ROGER, ROGER!



THE TWO YOUNG JEDI
LEAD THE RU TO THE
REPUBLIC LANDING ZONE.

COMMANDER TANO.
THE SHIP IS PREPPED AND
WE'RE READY TO ROLL, ER...
WE WEREN'T PLANNING
ON CARRYING ANY
LIVESTOCK!

THEY'RE REFUGEES,
PILOT, AND WE NEED TO
GET THEM SOMEWHERE
SAFE.

BUT MY
ORDERS ARE...

I'LL TAKE FULL
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
COUNTERMINING YOUR ORDERS.
ALL WE NEED YOU TO DO
IS TAKE THE SCENIC
ROUTE.

THERE'S A
PENINSULA TO THE NORTH
WEST. IT'S FAR ENOUGH FROM
CIVILIZATION TO BE CLEAR OF
THE FIGHTING. WE CAN DROP
THE RU THERE FOR NOW.

THE GUNSHIP TAKES
TO THE SKY ON ITS
NEW MISSION.

ONCE THE
FIGHTING IS OVER,
WE'LL COME BACK FOR
YOU. YOUR TEMPLE
WILL BE REBUILT.

BRIII!

RRHHWWW WWW

BUT...

DROID FIGHTERS
COMING IN, POINT
TWO-FOUR, BRACE
YOURSELVES...

FRKAKACHOWW

PHT-PHT-PHT

WE'RE HIT...
ARRRGHH!!!



LIHHH...
BARRISS? BARRISS,
WHERE ARE
YOU?

COUGH
OVER HERE...



AFTER A SEARCH OF
THE WRECKAGE, AHSOKA
RETURNS TO HER INJURED
FRIEND...

NO OTHER
SURVIVORS. NOT ONE.
I'M SORRY. THIS WAS
MY IDEA. IT'S ALL
MY FAULT.

NO. THIS IS
OUR FAULT -- EVERY
JEDI CARRIES THE BURDEN OF
RESPONSIBILITY. WE BROUGHT
THE WAR HERE, AND WE
DESTROYED EVERYTHING.



ANGER, FEAR,
HATRED... THESE
ARE THE EMOTIONS
OF WHICH A JEDI MUST
BE WARY. BUT WHAT
ABOUT OUR
GUILT?

END...?

THE CORUSCANT HOLONET

Est. 48 BBY **1** THE GALAXY'S BEST-SELLING NEWSPAPER



FO-PLO THE LEADER: Jedi General Plo Koon and his unit prepare for battle
(photo from CT-1008's Clone-Cam)

CLONES, DROIDS CLASH IN PHOROSIAN CAPITAL *RU-FUL WAR*

By **ENDAW N'GARD'M** • Outer Rim Correspondent

PHOROSE, YESTERDAY – The ancient, temple-filled world of Phorose became the latest casualty of the intergalactic conflict when fierce fighting between Republic and Separatist forces reduced its capital to rubble. The Jedi Order confirmed via the HoloNet that Jedi Plo Koon, Barriss Offee and Ahsoka Tano had led Republic forces defending the planet from Separatist invasion. Tano, a Padawan, also reportedly made a passing reference to “Ru” – a

small, rodent-like mammal native to Phorose but presumed extinct – before being whisked away from journalists. Anthropologists have long been fascinated by Ru. A primitive species, they nevertheless possessed a unique culture that included elements of spirituality and worship. Noted bald professor Parf Rickitt called their potential rediscovery “the most exciting development [in anthropology] since we realised Sha’rellian toops could be worn as wigs.”

**BRAVE?
LOYAL?
HANDY
WITH A
PIKE?**



**JOIN
THE RED
GUARD
TODAY!**

Contact your
local planetary
representative's
office for more
information.

